



## **The Companion Chronicles: The Second Doctor Volume 1**

### **1.1 The Mouthless Dead**

**by John Pritchard**

Speaking Characters:

THE DOCTOR

JAMIE (at this point a late teenager, unused to the modern world, or travel in Time and Space)

POLLY

BEN

THE SIGNALMAN

FRANCES, a war widow

THOMAS, a former soldier

THE SERGEANT of the funeral train

VOICES OF THE DEAD

Doctor Who – The Mouthless Dead – Episode 1

MUSIC: (DOCTOR WHO OPENING TITLES)

SCENE 1. INT. THE TARDIS

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

We were in the TARDIS – me and Ben and Polly and the Doctor – all ready to make landfall, or whatever you`d call it in this strange machine. The Doctor said it was the Earth. We were home after our journeys.

(BEAT)

Then we got hit by something called a train.

THE DOCTOR:

My friends, I think you`ll find this place familiar. She`s found her way back to England, finally. Now then, let`s see... Preparing to materialise... Oh dear!

(FX. ALARMS GO OFF)

POLLY:

What`s that?

THE DOCTOR:

Oh! Oh my word! It's the proximity alarm! Hold tight everyone!

(FX. NOISE OF COLLISION, AND GENERAL 'OHS` AND 'OW'S' AS THE TARDIS LANDS HEAVILY AND COMES SPINNING TO A STANDSTILL ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE BESIDE A RAILWAY LINE)

BEN:

Strewth! Are you all right, Pol?

POLLY:

Yes, thank you. I mean, of course I am. Are you all right?

BEN:

Well, yes.

JAMIE:

I`m all right too. Thank you for asking.

POLLY:

Is the TARDIS all right, though, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR:

I hope so Polly, I do hope so. Now let`s see what we hit.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

The Doctor opened up the special window that shows what`s happening

outside. A huge, dark shape was moving away from us. It looked like a line of wagons hitched together, but I`d never seen wagons move so fast, and something at the front was breathing smoke. There was a red lamp on the rear wagon. It seemed to watch us like an evil eye, even as it disappeared into the distance...

THE DOCTOR:

Look at that! He hit us and he hasn`t even stopped! Drivers these days... Really!

POLLY:

These days? When *is* this, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR:

Mm? Well, let`s see. According to the readings, it`s... the year 5681.

BEN:

Blimey. They`re still using steam engines in 5681?

THE DOCTOR:

Sorry, the TARDIS is still rather unsettled. It was using the wrong calendar. The Hebrew one, I think.

POLLY:

Well how many calendars are there?

THE DOCTOR:

Oh, lots of them. Time, you see, can be subjective and people measure it in different ways. The TARDIS keeps track of them all. Islamic... Persian... Mayan. But here we are - Gregorian. It`s November, 1920.

BEN:

No wonder it looks cold out there.

THE DOCTOR:

Yes, it does. External temperature about five degrees

POLLY:

Would that be centigrade or Fahrenheit?

THE DOCTOR:

Fair point, Polly. It`s Celsius, in fact. Now, judging by our coordinates, we seem to be in Kent.

BEN:

The Garden of England.

JAMIE:

It disnae look like a garden from in here.

(FX. A LABOURED, GROANING NOISE COMES FROM THE TARDIS)

THE DOCTOR: (A LITTLE WARY)

All right... you`d better get your coats. We need to go outside.

JAMIE:

The TARDIS... It sounds wounded.

THE DOCTOR:

You`re right, Jamie, it is. That train just struck it a glancing blow as it materialised, but I think it`s done some damage and we need to give it space to...

JAMIE:

Heal itself?

THE DOCTOR:

Well, self-repair, I was going to say - but 'heal itself` isn`t too far off the mark. And you don`t want foreign bodies inside something when it`s healing.

POLLY:

But the TARDIS knows us, doesn`t it?

THE DOCTOR:

It does, Polly, it does. But remember it`s an alien thing. Its thoughts aren`t your thoughts - nor even mine, sometimes.

(FX. ANOTHER GROANING NOISE COMES FROM THE TARDIS)

THE DOCTOR:

Come on, the sooner we leave it, the sooner it will be ready to move on.

SCENE 2. EXT. THE RAILWAY LINE

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

So we put on our coats and went outside. It was getting on for dusk, and no-one seemed to be about. A sooty kind of smell was in the air. The TARDIS was standing right beside a pair of metal rails, and I realised that yon thing which hit us had been following them. The ground was flat and empty all around us. In one direction were some buildings. In the other was a big black cave. The track disappeared straight into it, like something being swallowed. I didnae like the look of it at all.

(FX. FEET CRUNCHING ON GRAVEL)

POLLY:

Brrr! You were right about it being cold, Ben.

BEN:

Mm. 'Course, it`s nothing compared to being on watch in the Atlantic... I wonder what station that is? There`s no-one on the platforms, at least not as far as I can see.

POLLY: (DRYLY)

And I`m sure that we can trust your eagle eyes! ... Perhaps they`re in the waiting room. But the place does look deserted. I think it`s just a wayside halt. That train didn`t even slow down.



JAMIE:

What`s a train exactly, then?

BEN:

What we just saw. A line of coaches with an engine pulling them. You know what a kettle is?

JAMIE:

Of course.

BEN:

Well, the engine`s this giant kettle, and the steam from it makes the power to turn the wheels.

JAMIE:

Dinnae be daft, man.

POLLY:

This from someone who`s travelled in the TARDIS.

JAMIE:

Aye, but that`s different though. That`s 'science`.

THE DOCTOR:

Come on, we`d better report the accident to the signalman.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

The Doctor set off towards another building, which was standing between us and the mouth of the cave like a wee house on its own. I could see no doors or windows on the ground floor. There were windows all around the first floor, and a flight of steps going up to it. I turned to Polly...

JAMIE:

What`s that?

POLLY:

A signal box. There`s always someone in it to work the signals and the points, so that the trains don`t crash.

JAMIE:

And over there... Is that the entrance to a mine or something?

POLLY:

No, it`s just a tunnel, so the trains can go straight through a hill.

JAMIE:

That disnae sound like a good idea. There are things that live inside hills... in the dark. What`s that red light next to it?

POLLY:

A signal, to warn trains not to go that way. Yes, there`s danger, Jamie - but not the kind you mean.

(FX. MULTIPLE FEET CLIMBING THE STEPS)

THE DOCTOR:

That`s it, come on up, he`d better see there`s four of us.

(FX. KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

THE SIGNALMAN: (MUFFLED)

Who`s there?

THE DOCTOR:

I`m sorry to disturb you but we`ve been involved in a slight accident.

(FX. DOOR OPENS)

THE SIGNALMAN:

This is railway property, sir. I`m afraid the public aren`t allowed up here.

THE DOCTOR:

Yes, yes, I understand that, but our ... vehicle ... was just hit by that train.

THE SIGNALMAN:

Your vehicle was on the line? Have you any idea how dangerous that was? Trying to get a better view, I`ll wager. Well you could have ended up topsides and watching the proceedings from a cloud! You would

have had a grand view then, much good would it have done you! You could have got these three young people killed.

THE DOCTOR:

I know that and I`m very sorry, but we missed our way. No-one`s injured, thankfully, but I wonder if someone ought to check the tracks.

THE SIGNALMAN:

For pieces of your motor car?

THE DOCTOR:

Well, I was actually thinking of pieces from the train. Our vehicle, you see, is rather sturdy.

THE SIGNALMAN:

Pah! What is it, one of them tanks? Come on, you`d better step inside. It`s cold out there.

THE DOCTOR:

Thank you, that`s most kind... After you, Polly... Ben. Come in, Jamie. It`s all right.

(FX. THE DOOR CLOSES)

SCENE 3. INT. THE SIGNAL BOX

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

It was just one room, with a table by the window, and instruments and dials on one wall. And set into the floor, a row of levers that a man would surely need both hands to pull.

POLLY:

Well at least it`s a bit warmer in here.

THE DOCTOR:

It is, yes. Very cosy. My word - is that a South Eastern and Chatham lever frame?

THE SIGNALMAN:

That it is, sir. So you know about such things?

THE DOCTOR:

Oh, it`s just an interest that I have. Human technology impresses me, you see. I don`t suppose that I could... No, I really shouldn`t ask... Ah, a Walker`s two-position block!... What proceedings did you think we`d come to see?

THE SIGNALMAN:

Well, the train from Dover, sir, of course.

THE DOCTOR:

Of course.

POLLY: (WHISPERS)

What`s so special about a train from Dover?

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERS)

Be patient, Polly, I`m trying to find out.

THE SIGNALMAN:

Did you lose someone, sir, in the War? If I may be so bold?

THE DOCTOR:

Fortunately not. At least, not this one.

THE SIGNALMAN:

And the two young gentlemen? Did they serve?

BEN:

Well, I'm still in the Navy.

JAMIE:

And I fought with a Highland regiment.

THE SIGNALMAN:

In that case, the least I can do is offer you a cup of tea. It`s completely against regulations, mind, but today of all days, we will

let that pass...

JAMIE:

(NARRATING) So we all sat in yon stuffy room with a stove burning in the corner, and the steamed-up windows getting darker as the dusk came down.

BEN:

So was you in the war then, mate?

THE SIGNALMAN:

No, I was here. I would rather have fought in France, of course, but I had my job to do. I`m sure it must have been terrible for you lads.

BEN:

Well, it was pretty rough... (POLLY KICKS HIM UNDER THE TABLE) Ow!  
Duchess!

POLLY:

I suppose this must be a lonely job.

THE SIGNALMAN:

It is, miss. But a signalman must be alert at all times. Dreadful things can happen otherwise.

POLLY:

Oh, I`m sure they can.

THE SIGNALMAN: (IN THE MANNER OF SOMEONE TELLING A GOOD GHOST STORY)

Take the accident at Hawes Junction, for example. That was back in 1910. You would have been a mere child, miss. It was Christmas Eve. Before dawn, on a black and rainy morning. The signalman forgot there were a couple of slow engines on the line and he sent an express through after them. It hit them at full speed and was wrecked. The wooden coaches smashed and burned. Trains were still lit by gas, you see, in those days. Twelve people lost their lives that day.

POLLY:

Oh, gosh.

THE SIGNALMAN: (WARMING TO HIS THEME)

Or take St Bede`s Junction, back in `15. Another early morning, in thick fog. The signalman didn`t notice that a bank engine was waiting on the line. He accepted an express train and a goods train after it, and they all piled into one another. Nineteen people died.

BEN:

Strewth.

THE SIGNALMAN:

And you`ll remember Quintinshill, of course. The worst train crash this country ever had.

POLLY:

Of course... (APPEALING FOR HELP) Er... you`re familiar with it,



Doctor, aren't you?

THE DOCTOR: (GRAVELY)

I'm afraid I am, Polly. But I'll let this gentleman explain the details.

THE SIGNALMAN:

It might have been five years ago, but to railwaymen it seems like yesterday. The signalman moved a local train from the *down* main to the *up*, so that the night express could pass. But then he forgot he'd left the first train there, and a troop train coming up the line ran into it head-on. And then the night express crashed into them. All three trains burned. Over two hundred souls were lost, with some of the bodies never found. Most of them were soldiers of the Royal Scots.

JAMIE:

Dear Lord.

THE SIGNALMAN:

So you see, we have to keep our wits about us. But of course the drivers make mistakes as well. I could tell you some tales about signals passed at danger...

POLLY:

Actually, I wonder if I could step outside and get a breath of air? It's getting a little stuffy in here.

BEN:

Yes, I`ll come with you, Pol.

JAMIE:

Aye, me too.

THE SIGNALMAN:

Well don`t stray far, and make sure that you don`t step on the line.

THE DOCTOR:

Yes, be very careful out there. I haven`t brought you all this way just to see you get knocked over by a train... Well, sir: in the accidents you mentioned, would I be right in saying Rule 55 was not observed?

THE SIGNALMAN:

You would indeed, sir. It`s good to talk to somebody who understands these things.

POLLY:

Excuse me - is there a waiting room at the station?

THE SIGNALMAN:

I`m afraid the station`s closed, miss. It will be locked up, I fear. Now sir: Rule 55. A prudent regulation, but more honoured in the breach than the observance, I would say...

SCENE 4. EXT. THE RAILWAY LINE

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

So we went back out into the cold. Everything was very quiet. It was nearly dark. Yon 'tunnel` seemed to gape like a black mouth. The red lamp burning next to it looked brighter. In the other direction, in the distance, I could see a lantern glowing green.

(FX. FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING ON GRAVEL)

We walked beside the tracks towards the station. There was a yellow lamp outside one building. Otherwise, the place was sunk in gloom. I was glad to see the TARDIS was still standing where we`d left it, but it didnae seem so welcoming... just a black shape, almost hidden in the dusk.

BEN:

What`s a bank engine, anyway?

POLLY:

Well, Ben, if you don`t know, I`m sure I don`t.

JAMIE:

So I get it that these 'trains` were just a terrible idea, so when did folk stop using them?

POLLY:

Er... They didn't, actually.

BEN:

'Ere, is that someone on the platform?

POLLY:

Where?

BEN:

There. I thought I saw some bloke, but he's disappeared into the shadows now.

POLLY:

Perhaps he doesn't know the station's closed.

BEN:

Maybe we should tell him. Let's walk up onto the platform and...

Jamie? Why are you hanging back?

JAMIE:

This place disnae feel right.

POLLY:

It's a bit spooky, I'll grant you, but that's just because it's dark. There's nothing to be frightened of. This is England in the Twenties, after all.

BEN:

All the same... he`s on to something, Pol. I feel as if someone just breathed down my neck. Look around. There`s nobody behind us - and yet my gut is telling me that we was followed from that signal box.

JAMIE:

Somebody is watching us. Can you no feel it, Polly?

POLLY:

It`s that signalman`s stories. Honestly, they`d be enough to give anyone the horrors. Perhaps it`s just this man Ben thinks he saw.

BEN:

Well, seeing as we`re here, let`s see if we can find him.

(FX. SLOW, CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE PLATFORM)

POLLY:

Hello? Is someone there? (HUSHED) What did he look like, anyway?

BEN:

I just saw this dark shape in a long coat. He was under the light, and then he moved. I never saw his face.

POLLY:

But he was human... wasn`t he?

BEN:

Of course!

JAMIE:

Stop!

(FX. FOOTSTEPS CEASE)

POLLY:

What?

JAMIE:

Too many feet.

(FX. DISTANT FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

POLLY:

Is that him? Ooh. My tummy just turned over.

(FX. DISTANT FOOTSTEPS CEASE. SILENCE)

BEN:

All right. Perhaps he just don't want to talk to us.

POLLY:

Well, let's see if the waiting room is open after all.

(FX. HANDLE BEING TURNED)

He was wrong, it isn't locked. Come on, we can get out of the cold...  
Now I wonder where the light switch is.... Oh goodness!

JAMIE:

What?

POLLY: (UNDER HER BREATH)

There`s someone in here with us.

(FX. SOUND OF RUSTLING SKIRTS AND BREATHING, SLOWLY GETTING CLOSER)

SCENE 5. INT. THE SIGNAL BOX

THE SIGNALMAN:

Well, sir, if you`d care for another cup of tea, I`ll tell you the story of the Phantom Light.

(FX. THE BELL IN THE CABIN RINGS ONCE, A STRANGELY OMINOUS SOUND)

THE DOCTOR: (KNOWLEDGEABLY)

Ah! (SLIGHTLY LESS SO) And what does that mean?

THE SIGNALMAN:

That`s a call to attention, sir, from the previous signal box. Let me acknowledge it...

(FX. SINGLE BUZZING SOUND)

There. (PENSIVE) Tonight of all nights I can`t help being reminded of that song which I believe the young lads sang when they were marching off towards the trenches. "The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling..."

(FX. THE BELL RINGS FOUR TIMES)

THE SIGNALMAN:

He`s asking if the line is clear. So I repeat the signal back to him.

(FX. FOUR DELIBERATE BUZZING SOUNDS)



Which means that I`ve accepted it. But more than that, of course. It`s an *honour* to be entrusted with this train.

THE DOCTOR:

Of course, of course... Is it the Royal Train, then?

THE SIGNALMAN:

Oh no, sir. Not the Royal Train. The King himself is waiting to pay homage to a special passenger...

SCENE 6. INT. THE WAITING ROOM

POLLY: (NARRATING)

A young woman emerged out of the darkness, dressed all in black, but her face was very pale in the light from the lamp outside the door. She looked like she`d been weeping, and she stared at us with eyes as deep as wells.

"Oh... excuse us for barging in," I told her. "We must have given you a fright. You certainly gave us one!"

"I... wouldn`t worry," said the girl. "What`s the point of being frightened if one doesn`t care whether one lives or dies?"

"I`m ... sorry to hear that," I said. "Are you on your own here? Would it help to talk?" She was obviously upset, poor thing, so I gave the boys a look. They took the hint *eventually* and stepped outside. I quietly shut the door.

"My name`s Polly, by the way," I told her.

"Hello. My name is Frances," said the girl. The room was dim - just a pale gleam at the windows - and I felt like I was talking to a ghost.

"Did you realise that the station`s closed?" I asked her.

"Oh yes," she said, "and that`s why I came here. The other stations on

the line will be too crowded. Everyone wants to see him pass."

"See who pass?"

"Who do you think? The one we've all been waiting for. A hero, on his way home from the war."

"But the war finished two years ago."

"For you, perhaps it did. But it still grinds on and on for some of us. This is the Unknown Warrior's train. You must have heard about it. They brought him back from France today..."

"To be buried in Westminster Abbey! Yes, of course!" I hesitated.

"So... did *you* lose someone over there then?"

"Yes I did. My dear fiancé. So I had to come and... honour this brave man."

I took a breath. "I'm sorry we disturbed you."

"Don't worry," Frances said, but she was losing her composure. "I thought I would rather be alone... but I've been alone for years..."

"Shh, it's all right." I put my arm around her as she began to shake with sobs. "Come on and sit down here..."

SCENE 7. EXT. THE PLATFORM

(FX. SOUND OF DOOR AND FEET ON CONCRETE PLATFORM)

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Although the chill was bitter on the platform, I was relieved to be outside. I`ve seen what kind of grief war leaves behind. When you march away to fight, you can imagine being killed. You believe that you could bear that. But you can`t bear to think how your loved ones take the news...

BEN:

No sign of that bloke who was hanging round.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

But the silence still felt eerie. Like a night camp with the fires put out... awaiting an attack.

(TO BEN)

So what war *was* this, then?

BEN:

The First World War.

JAMIE:

A world war! Was it against aliens?

BEN:

Nah - against the Germans, mate.

JAMIE:

Och, man. Does nothing ever change? It was a German king we fought against.

BEN:

Was it? Well yeah, I suppose it was. But this was the worst war anyone had known. There must be tens of thousands of women like poor Frances, still pining for the men they lost in it.

JAMIE:

And who`s this Unknown Warrior then?

BEN:

That`s the whole point: no-one knows. They took this unidentified body from the battlefield at random and brought him back for a hero`s funeral to represent all the lads who died and especially them as have no known grave.

JAMIE:

Just thrown into a pit, you mean?

BEN:

'Fraid so - if they could find them. But for some it could be even worse than that. My uncle was in the Navy, and he fought in the battle

of Jutland. Thousands of sailors died that day, and the sea is the only grave they ever had.

JAMIE:

That`s a cold and lonely resting place. But so is a moor in Scotland.

BEN:

The ones who drowned were the lucky ones, he said.

JAMIE:

I still dinnae like it here. It feels like we`re intruding. We should leave that poor girl to her grief. How long will the TARDIS take to heal itself?

BEN:

Search me, mate. We`d better ask the Doctor. The Duchess will be all right in there while we nip back for a word.

SCENE 8. EXT. THE RAILWAY LINE

(FX. FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING ON GRAVEL)

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

We went towards the signal box, past the dark shape of the TARDIS. It felt as lifeless as an empty house.

BEN:

Tell you what, though: the Highlanders were fearsome soldiers in the First World War.

JAMIE:

Aye, I wouldn't doubt it.

BEN: (BEGINNING TO TEASE)

I heard the Germans called them "the Devils in Skirts".

JAMIE: (PATIENTLY, GOING ALONG WITH IT)

Oh did they?

BEN:

"The Ladies from Hell".

JAMIE:

Is that right?

BEN:

In fact...

(SUDDEN)

Stone me! Did the hairs on the back of your neck stand up just then?  
Is there someone behind us...? Blimey! Look at that.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

The lamp on top of the TARDIS had started glowing. For a moment we just stared at it. I had an awful thought that it had woken up and was going to leave without us, but there was no noise from the engines. The light just slowly waxed and waned again, with a rhythm like a sleeping giant`s heartbeat. It cast a ghostly gleam across the tracks.

BEN:

What does that mean? Is it telling us it`s ready?

JAMIE:

Come on, we`d better let the Doctor know.

(FX. FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL NOW MORE HURRIED - THEN STOP SHORT)

BEN:

Hang on, what`s that? I thought I saw someone moving. In the entrance to the tunnel - there, see?



JAMIE:

You`ve got better eyes than me, man.

BEN:

There was someone there. Perhaps we scared him. Maybe it`s some tramp. Or it could be someone else who wants to see the Unknown Soldier passing by.

JAMIE:

Do you think it`s the man you saw before?

BEN:

Who knows? But whoever he is, that`s a stupid place to hide. Come on, we`d better warn him that the train is on its way.

JAMIE:

Ben! I wouldnae get too close...

Ben: (MORE DISTANT)

Don`t worry, I reckon this is close enough... Do you need any help, mate?

JAMIE:

Can you see anything?

Ben: (DISTANT)

There`s someone there... More than one man, though... Strewth, there`s a whole crowd of them in there. And now they`re coming out... My God. My God!

JAMIE:

What is it?

BEN: (SHOUTS)

Jamie! Move! They`re coming this way!

(FX. SOUND OF BEN`S RUNNING FEET ON GRAVEL)

JAMIE:

What?

BEN: (CLOSER)

Quick, go on, get up the steps!

(FX. FEET GOING UP THE STEPS)

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Well, I climbed, of course - but half way up I had to take a look.

BEN:

Come on, come on!

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

But I could only see the darkness round us. There was no sound of any footsteps from below. I looked towards the tunnel and I caught a glimpse of movement, where the red light bled into the shadows.

(TO BEN)

(HUSHED) In Heaven`s name man, what was it you saw?

BEN: (MORE SOBERLY)

The blokes from the *Lion* - my uncle`s ship. The ones who died at Jutland...

JAMIE:

That`s not possible. The Doctor says there`s no such thing as ghosts.

BEN:

I`m telling you, I saw them.

JAMIE:

Drowned men?

BEN:

No, not drowned... Their fate was worse than that.

JAMIE:

Worse how?

BEN:

My uncle never spoke about it, but I found out later. One of the turrets suffered a direct hit and the blast set off the charges that were waiting to be loaded, from the working chamber all the way down to the magazine. If they hadn't already shut the doors, they would have lost the ship. But sixty men were at their posts when the fireball came roaring down the shaft...

JAMIE:

Heavens! But how do you know it's them?

BEN: (SHOCKED)

Because they're just how I imagined they would look.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

And I could see them now. Oh, not in detail - just a mass of dim shapes, creeping slowly from the tunnel's mouth. It was hard to make them out, but they had a kind of glow about them, like rotting fish in a dark cellar. They put a chill of dread into my heart. I carried right on up the steps and Ben was at my heels.

SCENE 9. INT. THE SIGNAL BOX

(FX. SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

JAMIE:

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR:

Just one moment, Jamie... So after the Tay bridge collapsed, this fellow saw a red light on the far side?

THE SIGNALMAN:

That was the account he gave. He thought it was the tail-lamp, which meant that the train had safely crossed the bridge. But in fact the train was already in the river, and all its passengers were lost. So that Phantom Light has never been explained...

JAMIE:

Doctor, please! There's things happening outside.

THE DOCTOR:

Things? What sort of things?

BEN:

Well, you know, the sort of... things... we've come across before.

THE DOCTOR:

When?

JAMIE:

On our *travels*, Doctor. The kind of *things* that no-one else has seen.

THE DOCTOR:

My word! Do you mean... er... *visitors*?

JAMIE:

They were in the tunnel. A lot of them. And now they`re coming out.

THE SIGNALMAN:

What`s this? Trespassers on the line? Have these people got no sense?

(FX. THE BELL IN THE CABIN RINGS TWICE)

BEN:

What`s that?

THE SIGNALMAN: (TRYING TO STAY CALM)

Message from the previous signal box. *Train entering the Section*. He`s at the far end of the tunnel. These people are obstructing it, you say?

BEN:

They were, but now I think they`re everywhere.

THE SIGNALMAN: (INCREASINGLY HARRIED)

I`ve already accepted the train - that`s why my colleague sent it on.  
He`ll be past my Distant Signal now.

THE DOCTOR:

So when he sees the Home Signal, he won`t have time to stop.

THE SIGNALMAN:

Precisely, sir. But at least he`ll put his brakes on. I can`t send him  
through with people on the tracks. I`m going to have to stop him at  
the station. Tonight of all nights! There`ll be hell to pay.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

The man went over to the row of levers and pulled one back.

(FX. RATCHETING SOUND)

And I heard a noise, between us and the tunnel...

(FX. THE CLATTER OF A SIGNAL CHANGING OUTSIDE)

THE SIGNALMAN:

He`ll see number 21 is on as he comes out of the tunnel... Now, number  
20, in advance of us...

(FX. RATCHETING SOUND, AND DISTANT CLATTER OF A SIGNAL CHANGING)

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

This time the noise was a hundred yards away from us at least. I looked towards the buildings and the green light there had suddenly turned red. As if by magic – but I reckoned it was science.

The Doctor: (UNDERTONE)

Jamie and Ben, what was it that you saw?

BEN: (UNDERTONE)

They looked like dead men, Doctor. Men who've been burned and then buried at sea.

JAMIE:

And they're coming right towards this signal box.

BEN:

Oh, and there's another thing. The TARDIS light's come on.

THE DOCTOR:

Has it indeed? Let me see... Ah yes.

JAMIE:

What?

THE DOCTOR:

It's automatically testing every circuit. Pulling itself up by its bootstraps, you could say.



BEN:

How long will it take?

(FX. SOUND OF THE APPROACHING ENGINE)

Gawd, here`s the train!

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

I turned and saw it come out of the tunnel, a massive iron *engine*, snorting smoke. The lamp at the front was glaring like the cold eye of the Devil. We watched it pass below us. It was pulling three dark wagons after it.

(FX. SOUND OF PASSING STEAM TRAIN AND SQUEAL OF BRAKES)

THE SIGNALMAN: (RELIEVED)

There, he`s slowing down. He`s seen the signal. Now, where are those damned trespassers you saw?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

But it was hard to see much of anything outside, with the lights on and the windows all steamed up. I opened the door and went onto the top step. Between here and the lantern at the station, the darkness seemed as thick as soot. The train was coming to a wheezing halt. Then I looked down - and everywhere I saw them. Dark shapes moving in the dimness, with that ghostly glimmer of decay. Walking slowly, like advancing soldiers - towards the station where the girls were waiting,

not knowing that those *things* had cut them off...

MUSIC: (DOCTOR WHO CLOSING TITLES)

Doctor Who – The Mouthless Dead – Episode 2

MUSIC: (DOCTOR WHO OPENING TITLES)

*(REPRISE:*

*JAMIE: (NARRATING)*

*I opened the door and went onto the top step. Between here and the lantern at the station, the darkness seemed as thick as soot. The train was coming to a wheezing halt. Then I looked down – and everywhere I saw them. Dark shapes moving in the dimness, with that ghostly glimmer of decay. Walking slowly, like advancing soldiers – towards the station where the girls were waiting, not knowing that those things had cut them off...)*

SCENE 10. INT. THE WAITING ROOM

POLLY: (NARRATING)

We sat together in that dim and draughty waiting room. Frances was crying quietly against me. "I`m very sorry," I said to her. "It`s obvious how much he meant to you... I`m sure that he died bravely."

"Oh, I wish he`d been a coward and stayed alive!" She gave me an almost guilty glance. "Isn`t that a dreadful thing to say?"

"No," I said. "I don`t believe it is."

She dabbed her eyes. "At least your friends came through it in one piece. May I... ask where they served?"

"Well," I said, "Ben was in the Navy, and Jamie was a piper in a Scottish regiment."

She hesitated. "Did he... fight on the Somme by any chance?"

"He doesn`t talk about it," I said truthfully.

"Of course," she said. Another pause. "My fiancé was on the Somme. Not that terrible first day. I used to tell myself that was a mercy. But now I think the real mercy would have been to fall in that first attack and never see the frightfulness that followed... My brother once said it was like trying to cross a never-ending graveyard where

he had to fight for every tombstone... every vase of dead, forgotten flowers..."

"Your brother..." I said cautiously. "So he came home, then?"

"He did. But he hasn't been the same man since."

I felt I was treading on eggshells here. Or unexploded bombs. "And now the war is over, have you had a chance to... pay your last respects?"

She smiled sadly. "You mean have I seen my fiancé's grave? I'm afraid that no-one knows his resting place."

"Oh," I said, "I'm sorry." We just sat for a few moments. "This idea of the Unknown Warrior... Do you find it helps at all?"

She brightened then, a little. "Oh yes. He's touched the heart of the whole country. Everyone's thoughts will be on the Abbey tomorrow. The most admired soldier in the Empire. It hurts, of course - but I'm so proud of him."

"Proud?" I said.

"Yes, I..." She looked away. "No, you'll think me foolish."

"Of course I won't," I said.

She sniffed. "It`s just... I`m certain that it`s *him* they`re bringing home."

"Who - your fiancé?"

"Yes. I know it sounds like wishful thinking, but I *feel* it, deep inside."

"Well..." I said, "I`m sure it *could* be him. And even if it isn`t, any man who fell can represent them all."

Frances nodded. "Yes, of course. But in my heart of hearts I know it`s Michael, and that`s why I had to come to watch him pass."

(FX. SOUND OF STEAM TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE)

She sat up straighter. "Listen! That must be him. Polly, will you come outside with me?"

"Yes," I said, "of course I will." I took her hand and we went over to the door...

(FX. DOOR OPENS AND FEET STEPPING ON TO THE PLATFORM)

SCENE 11. EXT. THE PLATFORM

(FX. TRAIN NOISE BECOMING LOUDER)

POLLY: (NARRATING)

I could see the glaring headlamp coming closer, but it sounded like the train was slowing down. "Is it meant to stop here then?" I asked as it came into the station.

Frances shook her head. "Oh, no, it`s supposed to go straight through..."

(FX. THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HALT, AND CONTINUES TO PANT AND WHEEZE OMINOUSLY IN THE BACKGROUND)

There were just two vans and a carriage with the blinds drawn. I wondered which one *he* was in. Frances`s fingers tightened round my hand. I knew why, because I had the same reaction. There was something horrid about the train. It felt as if no-one was on board at all.

(FX. ONE OF THE VAN DOORS SLIDES OPEN NOISILY)

"Oh!" said Frances, stepping back. One of the van doors had opened and a man in uniform was standing there. A sergeant, judging by his stripes.

"Pardon me, miss. Where is this?" he asked.

"We`re just outside Canterbury," said Frances.

He looked perturbed. "We`re not supposed to stop here. What`s the hold-up, do you know?"

"Well, I said, "it looks like a red signal up ahead."

"This is most irregular," he said. "We can`t afford to be delayed. Not when we`ve got *him* on board."

Frances took a deep breath. "Is he... in there with you?"

He looked at her. "Yes, miss. That he is."

"I wonder... would you let me see the coffin for a moment?"

"I`m sorry, miss. That would be more than my stripes are worth."

"Oh, please," said Frances, fighting her emotions.

"The funeral`s tomorrow, miss. You can see his coffin then."

"Can`t you just look the other way?" I asked him. "The poor girl`s lost her fiancé, you know."

"Everyone`s lost someone, miss," he told me. "Now, if you`ll both excuse me, I need to talk to the Captain. He`s in the coach - and I



have to say that if he sees you here, he won't be pleased."

(FX. SOUND OF DOOR SLIDING SHUT, AND RECEDING FOOTSTEPS ON THE PLATFORM. A CARRIAGE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. SILENCE.)

"I don't think he's closed that door properly," said Frances.

"Oh, don't even think it," I said.

She tugged at my hand. "I only need a moment."

I looked towards the rear coach. "He's only talking to his officer. I'm sure he'll be right back..."

And then I saw them. Figures at the far end of the platform, beyond the light cast by the lamp. A group of shadows lurking in the dark.

(FX. THE ENGINE LETS OFF A SINISTER HISS OF STEAM)

Frances saw them too. "Are those your friends?" she asked

But no... oh, no... I didn't think they were.

SCENE 12. INT. THE SIGNAL BOX

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

From where I was standing, in the doorway of the signal box, I could see the two girls on the platform, standing by the train, under the lamp. The shadowy figures were creeping through the darkness, closing in on the station soundlessly, as if it was an enemy camp they meant to seize. It made me think of the night march that we made, before Culloden. And I knew I couldn't simply stand and watch. I put my foot on the first step...

THE DOCTOR:

Jamie, wait. We need to know what's out there.

JAMIE:

I have to warn them, Doctor. The way that beastie's breathing smoke, they won't hear if I shout.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

So I started down the steps - and stopped. There were people waiting down there. I could just make them out by that pale, decaying glow. And I saw that Ben was wrong. They weren't burned sailors. They were Highlanders in rags of tartan, black from days of lying on the Moor...

VOICE: (WHISPERS)

Jamie... Why did ye leave us...? Betraying your clan... your flesh and blood...? Come down and join us now...

JAMIE:

No! I was saving the Laird! You must believe me!

(FX. A CLATTER OF FEET ON THE STAIRS, AS JAMIE SCRABBLES BACK, AND BEN HURRIES FORWARD)

BEN:

Come back here, mate... That`s it, I`ve got you. You looked like you was about to fall.

JAMIE:

They`re not your uncle`s shipmates, they`re the Bonnie Prince`s army! They didnae run. They gave their lives - and now they want mine too!

BEN:

Listen, mate, I know it`s dark, but they was wearing naval uniforms.

THE SIGNALMAN:

What the hell`s going on down there? Who are they?

JAMIE:

Dead men risen from their graves.

THE SIGNALMAN: (RELIEF GIVING WAY TO ANGER)

Pah! Drunk men risen from their beds, more likely. We get a lot of them round here. They come back from the War and think the world owes them a living... Are they close to the train?

JAMIE:

They`re between us and the station.

THE SIGNALMAN:

I`ll move him on to the next signal, then. There we are...

(FX. RATCHETING SOUND, AND THE DISTANT CLATTER OF A SIGNAL CHANGING)

Now I`ll go down and give those hooligans what-for.

THE DOCTOR:

Listen, my dear fellow, I think that would be most unwise until we know what`s out there.

THE SIGNALMAN:

Don`t worry, sir. This is my Section and I`ll deal with them.

SCENE 13. EXT. THE PLATFORM

(FX. THE TRAIN WHISTLES)

POLLY: (NARRATING)

There was something strange about those people... Something that was *wrong*...

Then Frances squeezed my hand. "The signal`s changed to green. He must be leaving."

(FX. THE ENGINE HISSES)

She let my hand go. "Frances, no!" I called.

(FX. SOUND OF THE VAN DOOR BEING OPENED, FRANCES STEPPING INSIDE, POLLY AFTER HER)

She climbed into the van and I went after her at once. "Come back, or we will both be in such trouble." Then I saw the coffin on its trestles, with a Union Jack draped over it.

"Oh Michael..." Frances said.

I took her arm. "There, you`ve seen him. Now come away." But it was too late. The train was moving off...

(FX. SOUND OF TRAIN BEGINNING TO PULL AWAY)

SCENE 14. INT. THE SIGNAL BOX

JAMIE:

The lassies have just got on the train and now it`s on the move. It`s no` going very fast, though...

THE SIGNALMAN:

I don`t know if the next section is clear, so he can`t go further than my starting signal.

JAMIE:

(NARRATING) I could see the figures going after it, following the red lamp on the back of the last wagon, like a swarm of black moths following a spark.

BEN:

The Duchess is away, at least.

JAMIE:

Not far enough, she`s not.

THE DOCTOR: (MUSING)

Ben and Jamie - are they *physical* or could they just be spectral images?

BEN:

Are we seeing things, you mean?

THE DOCTOR:

No, no, I don't mean it like that. But they could be a phenomenon that has no power in the real world.

THE SIGNALMAN:

I'll tell you if they're real or not!

JAMIE:

No, sir, listen, you cannae... you really mustnae...

(FX. SOUND OF FEET GOING DOWN THE STEPS)

THE SIGNALMAN: (MORE DISTANT)

Right, you lot! You're trespassing on railway property! You see that train? It's carrying a hero, and whether you men have served or not, I'll wager you're not fit to lick his boots. Clear off! What are you waiting for? ... Who are you? ... Oh Lord...

JAMIE:

Come on, they're closing in on him!

BEN:

No, don't go down there, mate!

THE SIGNALMAN:

All right, all right - I see you've done your bit... I would have served as well, you know... God help me...! Get away...!



JAMIE: (NARRATING)

And then he screamed - and screamed again, as if all the devils in Hell had pounced on him. I could see yon figures clutching him as he tried to climb back up. They dragged him down to join them and his body seemed to wither in the dark, like a fly in a web being sucked dry by a spider. And then they raised their empty eyes to me...

(JAMIE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT)

JAMIE:

They killed him!

BEN:

So they`re real, all right.

JAMIE:

What are they, Doctor? Ghosts?

THE DOCTOR:

That poor man... Are they ghosts? Well, I`m not sure there are such things - at least, not as they`re understood on Earth.

BEN:

Are we safe here? Will they come for us?

THE DOCTOR:

They may do, Ben – so we need to be prepared. We have to understand just what we`re facing. You said they looked like sailors who`d been killed during the war...

BEN:

Yeah.

THE DOCTOR:

But Jamie saw something different – the Highlanders he fought with.

JAMIE:

Aye, no doubt about it, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR:

And the Signalman?

JAMIE:

He said something to yon creatures – that he would have *served* as well.

THE DOCTOR:

So he saw them as soldiers too. I wonder...

BEN:

Hush! (PAUSE) No, it`s still quiet down there.

THE DOCTOR:

As I was saying, Ben... I wonder if the TARDIS might have some bearing on this.

BEN:

But how?

THE DOCTOR:

Well, think about it... This country has been ravaged by the worst war in its history. There are soldiers being mourned in every home. So millions of minds are focused on the journey of that train: on that nameless man and all he represents. And where`s the TARDIS? Right there in the middle, with all those thought waves pouring in like a radio signal thrown into reverse. I`m afraid it might have given them some kind of substance.

JAMIE:

But why did we see them in the way we did?

THE DOCTOR:

I suspect it`s the TARDIS`s telepathic circuit. Perhaps it was damaged when the train hit us. It`s picked up the memories that you associate with war and projected them onto those things outside.

BEN:

But they`re not just in our heads, though!

THE DOCTOR:

No, they've coalesced into the real world. And as that poor signalman found out, their touch is fatal. Oh dear me: imagine it. They represent a universe of loss. To come into contact with them would link you to it. You'd feel the grief of millions in a moment, and it would destroy you utterly.

JAMIE:

Are they being drawn by this Unknown Warrior's coffin?

THE DOCTOR:

Yes, that must be a... a sort of focal point, if you like, Jamie.

JAMIE:

And Polly's on the train with it! We have to rescue her - and Frances too.

BEN:

But how can we get near them? Even if they stop at the next signal, those things are between us and them. How far is the next signal, anyway?

THE DOCTOR:

There's a track layout on the wall here. Let's see... The train is on the *up* line, towards London... The platform signal was number 20, so they should stop *here*, at number 19. Distance from the signal box - 400 yards or so.

JAMIE:

That sounds like a long walk in the dark.

BEN:

What if we change the signal? Then they can get clear of the influence of the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR:

The problem is, those *thought-soldiers* or whatever they are might not just fade away. If they cling to the train and follow it to London... There are thousands of people waiting for it there. I dread to think what would happen if those things move out among them. It would be like some awful chain reaction, spreading death and madness through the crowd...

BEN:

Listen!

JAMIE:

What?

BEN:

Them soldiers - are they *solid*?

THE DOCTOR:

Well, they might interact with the physical world.

BEN:

Because something`s started coming up the steps.

(FX. SOUND OF SLOW, ASCENDING FOOTSTEPS)

(FX. THE TRAIN WHISTLE SHRIEKS)

SCENE 15. INT. THE RAILWAY VAN

POLLY: (NARRATING)

The train came to a stop again. I looked out through the door. The station lamp was some way back and there was nothing around us but darkened railway tracks.

"It`s all right," said Frances, "no-one will disturb us. There`s no door through to the next van." She was standing pensively beside the coffin. "Do you think he rests in peace under that flag? He died for King and Country, that`s what everybody tells me. I would much rather he`d stayed alive for me."

I went across and touched her arm. "You know he would have if he could. Why else did he ask you to marry him? But sometimes things just happen that don`t give us any choice."

She took hold of the flag - I tried to stop her - but she pulled it to one side.

(FX. RUSTLE OF CLOTH)

The coffin was made of sturdy-looking oak with a mediaeval sword fixed to the lid.

"The King donated that himself," said Frances.

I squeezed her shoulder. "Come on, now. Say goodbye to him and - ahh!

Because I`d just seen what was standing in the corner. The dark shape of a soldier - watching us!

"Oh my God!" said Frances, looking at him - so at least I knew I wasn`t going mad.

"What does he want?" I whispered.

She was staring, mesmerised. "Perhaps he`s been sent to guard the coffin."

"Sent by who?" I asked.

The figure took a step towards us. He had a tattered outline, but his face was still in shadow.

"What do you want with us?" I asked, as firmly I could.

"He`s dead," said Frances. "He must be dead. Oh, look how he`s been hurt! Ever since the day they marched away, I feared that they would finish up like this."

And as he took another step, the dim light from the doorway began to creep across his face, or what was left of it. For a moment I was petrified with horror, but then I remembered the sword. Perhaps we



could ward him off with it. I tried, but it was bolted to the lid.

When I looked up, there were more of them, as if they`d just come oozing through the wall.

"Oh, but this can`t be real," I said, to myself as much as Frances.

"Nobody could survive those injuries ..."

"You poor men..." said Frances faintly. "How you must have suffered..." And she took a step towards them.

"No," I told her, "stay away!"

She looked at me then back at them. "How can I? They died for us, like Michael did, and now they`ve come home with him. A guard of honour from the grave."

"Watch out," I said, "or they`ll take you back with them."

But Frances was staring at those mangled figures. "They want me, Polly," she said softly. "How can I refuse? Perhaps... perhaps they`ll take me back to Michael." The leading figure was reaching out to her. She extended her own hand, then stopped. I sensed her bafflement. "It feels as if a wall is in the way."

I was suddenly reminded of two magnets, repelling each other when both poles are the same. "It must be because you`re reaching out as well.

You`re not afraid."

"Oh Polly, yes I am," she said. "But I take pity on them too."

I realised then that her pity was the only thing that was holding them at bay.

"It`s difficult... to look at them," said Frances.

"I know," I said, "but please be strong. Don`t waver. They`ll know it somehow, and they`ll come for us."

(FX. THE TRAIN WHISTLES)

SCENE 16. INT. THE SIGNAL BOX

(FX. SOUND OF BOOTS ON THE SIGNAL BOX STEPS. THEY STOP. SILENCE. THEN SOMEONE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR)

BEN:

What should we do?

THE DOCTOR:

We should see who`s there.

JAMIE:

I`ve got my dirk, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR:

Thank you, Jamie, but whatever`s out there, I don`t think we`ll need a knife to deal with it.

(LOUDER) Who goes there?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

And a muffled voice called "Friend!"

JAMIE:

Another soldier.

BEN:

It could be a trick!

THE DOCTOR:

It could. But sometimes we have to take a thing on trust. (LOUDER)

Advance, friend, and be recognised.

(FX. THE DOOR OPENS WITH A CREAK)

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

A man was standing there, not black and rotting like the ones I`d seen, though the coat he wore was as ragged as a beggar`s. He had a soldier`s cap on, and a scarf wrapped round his face against the cold. He stared at us, as if he thought that we might be the spectres.

THE DOCTOR:

Don`t be alarmed - we`re all alive in here.

BEN:

What`s happening outside?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

The man took a step into the room. "There are spooks of some kind, all over the place," he said. "I swear they`re the mates I left in France - a whole battalion of them. I reckon they`ve been waiting for the Unknown Warrior`s train."

BEN:

Was you the man at the station then?

JAMIE:

(NARRATING) "Yes," said the man, "I was waiting for the train - and trying to keep out of that woman`s way. Then I heard that poor bloke crying out. I had to come and see if I could help."

BEN:

But he was long past saving, though.

JAMIE:

(NARRATING) The soldier nodded. "I *saw* him fall," he said. "But when I reached his body, he looked like he`d been lying for a month in No Man`s Land."

THE DOCTOR:

We think we know what those things are. The shock of any contact would destroy a person - mind and body.

JAMIE:

But they let you pass - not like yon signalman.

THE DOCTOR: (MUSING)

They did... You said you were in France. May I ask you - sorry, but did you see the worst of it?

JAMIE:

(NARRATING) The soldier hesitated, and then pulled his scarf down. There was a dreadful scar across his face. It wasnae a thing I had to look away from. I`ve seen a claymore leave a gash like that. Ben hadnae been in a war like me, but he`s got a strong stomach. And the Doctor - well, he looks right past such things.

THE DOCTOR:

I`m sorry, my friend - but it may be that`s what saved you. Those things have been born out of grief and loss, but *you* went through the horror and survived. Whatever their nature is, they have no power over you. They might not even sense that you`re there.

BEN:

But the girls are still in danger, though, Doctor!

JAMIE:

Aye - yon train has stopped again. I can still see its red light.

THE DOCTOR:

Yes, it`s waiting at signal 19... *here*. If we clear the signal, those things will be turned loose. We think they`ve been drawn by the Unknown Warrior`s coffin. If they`re to be stopped, we`ll have to confront them there.

BEN:

Confront them?

THE DOCTOR:

I know, Ben. It`s a daunting prospect. But I`ve always found that things work out if you only take the plunge.

JAMIE:

I`ve been in battle, Doctor, but those things saw *me*, all right.

THE DOCTOR:

Then our friend here will have to lead us through them to the train. Would you do that for us?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

The soldier stood up straighter. "Willingly, sir. I`ve marched through Hell. I`m not afraid of spooks."

THE DOCTOR:

Now, if we all hold on to him and fix our thoughts on nothing but the train, we should get through. Oh, and please don`t call me 'sir`. You`re your own man now. So, this is Ben and Jamie, and people just call me the Doctor.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

"Pleased to meet you," said the soldier. "Thomas is my name."

SCENE 17. EXT. THE RAILWAY LINE

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

And so Thomas led us down the steps. I could see the darkness stirring as those things sensed we were coming. To my eyes, they were still the men who I saw dying on Culloden Moor – the shadowy remains of a lost army.

BEN:

Strewth, it`s like the crew of the *Invincible* down there.

JAMIE:

Was that another ship?

BEN:

My uncle saw it blowing up. The magazines exploded and a thousand men were killed. "The sea shall give up her dead," they say at Navy funerals. It looks as if they`ve all washed up right here.

THE DOCTOR:

In my view, anyone who calls their ship *Invincible* has given a hostage to fortune. But what do you see, Thomas?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Thomas stared into the dark. "My mates from the Royal Welsh, Doctor," he said. "The ones who fell trying to capture Mametz Wood. They died and I survived, but they don`t blame me. The fortune of war, that`s



all it was. I still feel guilty, though.”

THE DOCTOR:

Are you all right to lead the way? Good man. Ben and Jamie, shut your eyes. Don`t let them get a hook into your minds.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Thomas turned to Ben. “Here, put your hand on my shoulder, mate,” he said. “That`s how we used to manage, leading men back from the trenches when the gas had blinded them...”

So Ben put his hand on Thomas`s shoulder. I put my hand on his, and the Doctor laid his hand on mine. I closed my eyes and we started down the tracks.

(FX. FEET CRUNCHING ON GRAVEL)

I could feel the presence of those things on either side of me - a cold much colder than the dark, and a dampness that seemed to get into my bones. The Doctor said they were made of grief, and the air tasted of tears. But they *wanted* us, I sensed that much. As if our lives could somehow make them warm.

VOICE:

They used grapeshot on us, Jamie... This is what it does... Look!

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

I kept my eyes tight shut and felt them groping out for me. I knew that if any one of us lost his grip, we would be drawn apart and overwhelmed. But all the time, the Doctor`s hand was firm upon my shoulder, while Thomas led us forward, and the wraiths gave way to him.

“Sorry, boys, I`m coming through,” said Thomas. “The war is over now. Why don`t you rest...? Lord, this is hard, Doctor. I`d rather face machine gun fire!”

THE DOCTOR:

Keep going, Thomas. Step by step. We`re past the station now...

BEN: (SHOUTS)

No, sir!

JAMIE:

What?

BEN: (SHAKEN)

Some officer just asked if I had permission to abandon ship... He says I`m needed. Q turret`s on fire...

THE DOCTOR:

Ben and Jamie, whatever you hear, don`t listen. The only voices are in your heads. These things are memories. They don`t have mouths.

(FX. THE TRAIN IS HEARD SEETHING QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND)

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

I risked a look ahead of us. We were nearly at the train. It was sitting in the dimness, wheezing smoke, with the red lamp at the back lit like a warning. There were figures all around it, watching us. And maybe Thomas`s memories were flowing into mine, because now they didnae look like Highlanders, but men wearing brown uniforms and rusting steel helmets... their faces white as flour... their eyes like holes....

BEN:

Which van are they in, d`you think?

THE DOCTOR:

I would say the one with the half-open door.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

And then we halted.

BEN:

Thomas? What is it?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Thomas was breathing heavily. "I`m sorry, mates," he said. "I can`t go on."

BEN:

But we`re almost there. They can`t escape without us. We have to lead them clear of the train.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

"She needs me, yes," said Thomas. "But I can`t face her."

BEN:

Blimey - you mean Frances?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Thomas looked at him. "She thinks I`m dead, see? It`s better that she thinks I died in France, than see me like this, my face messed up. She`d never be able to look at me again..."

BEN:

But you followed her here.

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

"I came to watch this Unknown Warrior passing," Thomas said. "I wanted to see her *comforted* by him."

THE DOCTOR:

Perhaps you underestimate her courage - and her love.

JAMIE:

Aye - have faith, man. A soldier has to come home from the wars or why else d'ye go? The poor lass still grieves for you. Will you leave her to these ghosts?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Thomas took a shaky breath. "All right, mates. Together, then - through No Man`s Land... Come on."

(FX. THE TRAIN GIVES A SINISTER HISS OF STEAM)

SCENE 18. INT. THE RAILWAY VAN

POLLY: (NARRATING)

"Oh Polly," said Frances, "I think I might faint... I can't bear this much longer..."

"Hold on to me," I said to her. "You mustn't doubt yourself."

The shapes moved a little nearer then. Their hungry, eyeless gaze was terrible. And then another one began to climb in through the doorway!

"Get away from us!" I cried at him. "You can have your Unknown Warrior!"

But Frances gripped my hand. "No, Polly. This one's flesh and blood." She saw the deep scar on his face and gasped aloud. "Oh Lord!"

The ragged soldier looked away. "No, don't," she blurted out. "I want to see... You've suffered, but your face seems... so familiar."

The man stared back at her, and then said: "Frances."

"Michael!" Frances said. She swayed and grabbed the coffin for support.

"Oh don't faint now!" I said.

"But I don't understand," she said to him. "How can you be in the coffin *and* out here?"

"I'm not in the coffin, girl," he said. "That's someone much braver than me. He died for freedom. I didn't even have the guts to come back home."

Then, to my immense relief, I heard Jamie from outside, telling Michael to hurry because the things were closing in!

"Michael, what are they?" Frances said.

"Just shadows," he replied. "Memories left over from the war. Now take my hand - you too, miss - and I'll take you out of here."

The figures at the far end of the van were creeping closer, but Frances only had eyes for Michael now. "There's no need to turn your face away," she told him. "It doesn't matter what they've done to you. Do you doubt me? Look, I'll swear it on the Unknown Warrior's sword. I love you, Private Michael Thomas. Welcome home at last.

She laid her hand on the sword. And the sword began to glow.

"Mind out, love!" said Thomas, reaching out to pull her clear. But she kept hold of the handle. "It's all right," she said. "There's no heat in it..."

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

I was watching through the doorway of the wagon. Frances`s hand was on the sword and Thomas`s hand on hers. It was glowing blue-white, getting brighter by the moment, and the brightness pushed the dark shapes back, like sunbeams cutting through the morning mist.

(FX. A SOUND LIKE PULSING ENERGY)

JAMIE:

What`s happening, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: (EXCITED DESPITE HIMSELF)

Those things have met something stronger than themselves. So much pain has been poured out on that coffin. That Warrior`s lost so much – even his name. But Thomas there was a living Unknown Soldier, and now he`s been accepted back. It`s thrown the tide of grief into reverse. Breaking the focal point, you see...

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

The light was streaming out now, through the open doorway and through every crack. The figures were melting back into the darkness, dissolving like swirls of musket smoke, or the ripples left behind by drowning men...

BEN:

Is the TARDIS doing this?



THE DOCTOR:

I think it is, Ben. First it gave those shadows substance, and now it magnifies a ray of hope. Reversing the polarity, you might say...

(FX. THE THROB OF POWER FADES AWAY, UNTIL THE ONLY SOUND IS THE WHEEZING OF THE TRAIN)

JAMIE:

They`ve gone.

POLLY:

The sword`s just plain metal again. Michael, does that mean they`re at peace?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Thomas - or was he Michael? - shook his head. "They already were at peace, miss," he said. "It`s only the living who are restless."

THE DOCTOR: (COUGHS)

I don`t want to hurry you young people, but this train needs to be on its way.

BEN:

Come on, Duchess, let`s help you down from there.

SCENE 19. EXT. THE RAILWAY LINE

POLLY: (WITH AN AUDIBLE SHUDDER)

Thank you, Ben... That was a bit too close for comfort. I`ve had enough of 1920. Doctor, is the TARDIS ready yet?

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

Thomas looked round at us. "Doctor - and friends - whoever you are, I don`t know how to thank you."

THE DOCTOR:

Oh, don`t mention it, don`t mention it.... We`ll see you to the station, and then I ought to clear the signal. A lot of people are waiting for that train - and one poor man has died so it could pass.

POLLY: (NARRATING)

Frances came and took my hand. "Goodbye Polly. Thank you for standing with me."

"I just did what I could," I told her. "It was *your* courage that helped to see them off. Your kindness too. They couldn`t stand against it. Michael here`s a very lucky man."

(FX. SOUND OF COACH WINDOW OPENING)

JAMIE: (NARRATING):

One of the carriage windows opened and a soldier put his head out. A living soldier, thank the Lord. "You fellows!" he called. "What`s happening out there? We`ve been patient long enough, just sitting here."

"I`m sorry, sir," the Doctor said. "I`m afraid there`s been a problem up ahead. You`ll soon be on your way again."

"I hope so," said the man. "This is a most important train, you know..."

(FX. SOUND OF WINDOW BEING CLOSED)

(FX. THE SEETHING OF THE ENGINE FADES.... FADE UP TO THE SOUND OF BOOTS ON THE SIGNAL BOX STEPS)

SCENE 20. INT. THE SIGNAL BOX

(FX. DOOR OPENS)

THE DOCTOR:

Here we are - lever number 19... I've always wanted to do this, you know... There.

(FX. RATCHETING SOUND, AND DISTANT CLATTER OF THE SIGNAL CHANGING)

(FX. THE TRAIN WHISTLES ONCE)

JAMIE: (NARRATING)

And from the doorway, I watched the train moving off into the night, carrying the coffin of yon Unknown Warrior, the red lamp on the last coach dwindling, growing dimmer... till it disappeared.

THE DOCTOR:

Tomorrow he'll be buried in Westminster Abbey, among the poets and the kings, and nobody shall ever know his name.

(MUSING)

The Universe is infinite and full of mysteries, but this one has intrigued me more than most. I sometimes think, if I could control the TARDIS, I'd be tempted to find out who he was... but that would be to miss the point, of course.

JAMIE:

Doctor, when we were talking to yon poor signalman, you said at least you`d not lost anybody in *this* war. Have there been others then?

THE DOCTOR:

Well, Jamie, if you`ve lived as long as I have, you`re bound to encounter such things along the way, I'm afraid.

JAMIE:

And when we were walking through those shadow-soldiers, we were seeing our own memories – but what was it *you* saw?

THE DOCTOR:

Ah. Nothing that was really there. But I`ll tell you something, Jamie. There are places where even a traveller like me can go but never come back to again, however much he wants to. There are roads we take away from loss when it`s best not to look back... Now, come on, let`s join the others at the TARDIS. Oh, one more thing I have to do...

(FX. SOUND OF TWO BUZZES, THEN ONE)

THE DOCTOR:

I believe that means that the train has cleared the Section.

JAMIE:

Let`s get out of here before the next one comes! (PAUSE) Doctor, Ben told me this was a *world* war. So is the world at peace now?

THE DOCTOR:

Yes it is. Until the next time, Jamie. As someone wise once pointed out: Only the dead have seen the end of War.

(FX. SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

MUSIC: (DOCTOR WHO CLOSING TITLES)

(End of text)